THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER,[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, 44 & 46 ANN STREET.] NEW YORK, JULY 24, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 20.

GENTLENESS.—A SONG OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

There's a deep, angelic meaning
In Magdalen's legend old,
Of a love that knew no weaning,
Are forever visibly told;
And on which so vainly slander
Engines of the Hebrew Race—
Scowling fires from man or fellow
There's firmly keeps its place.

II.

But there is one grand power
At whose magic touch the rock
Trembles as it never trembled
To a fierce, defiant shock:
In What being, thinks you forth
Such a rare, complete spell?
Listen! though you wonder, listen!—
In the title Applied!

III.

O the deep, the heavenly lesson!—
Would you truly move a soul?
Never then against us compel
Transgression's fellow roll!
Take some flower of Love, and gently
Touch it, and the stubborn heart,
Thrilling with your own iron fasting,
Will to you compassive start!

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER IV.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

As soon as the freebooters realized that they had been disturbed by strangers, they hurried to their fleet, and drew their cutlasses.

"Stand, villains!" shouted Julian. "If you offer an resistance you are dead men!"

Mercy on us!" replied one of the villains, in a mocking tone. "Would ye take advantage of sic weak, inoffensive men?" If ye would, come on. But first—tell us what brought ye here."

"You have a prisoner here—a female," said the youth. "We seek her."

"Then ye'll seek some further, young sir. We don't keep women here."

"Denill" cried another of the rogues: "This is the man that ran our captain through! At him!"

But Julian had been beforehand in his calculation, and ere the last words were spoken, he sprang forward and struck the foremost man to the pavement. With the quickness of lightning he dealt another blow, and a second fell. These movements had been made so suddenly that no time had been given for defence; but as the remaining rogues gathered themselves for work, Julian leaped back and presented his pistol.

"One word," he said, "if we rock not your lives. Surrender, and conduct me to the prisoner you have in charge, and no more harm shall be done you."

The pirates were not men to submit thus tamely, and though they had been taken somewhat by surprise, and were not so close-headed as might be, yet they seemed nowise loth upon desperate work, for, with fierce oaths, they brandished their cutlasses, and leaped forward. Had they been free from wine they would not have moved so recklessly, for they had no fire-arms at hand, while their antagonists were fully prepared with three serviceable weapons.

"Fire!" shouted Julian, darting back a pace, and taking aim at the man nearest opposite to him. The objects were so near that it was almost impossible to miss the mark, and three of the villains staggered at the sharp report of the pistols rang out through the old ruins. Two of them sank upon the pavement, but the third, in company with the one who was unhurt, sprang forward again. The former fell by a shot from Mark's second pistol, while the latter was resolved by Julian, who struck his cutlass down, and allowed him to pass; but the next instant, and before the fellow could fully recover from his headlong course, our hero turned and drew his loaded pistol.

"Another step and you die!" the youth said, taking deliberate aim at the man's breast.

The pirate hesitated, and finally allowed the point of his weapon to drop. He saw that his companions were all dead, and that there was no hope for him but in submission.

"I surrender!" he cried.

"Then drop your cutlass."

"If you'll promise me my life."

"I'll promise it on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you give up to us the female prisoner you have in charge here."

"By my life, young sir, you must have got some false information. We have no prisoner here."

"Then," said Julian, "we shall have no occasion for your services, and you can be spared to keep your companions company."

"Hold! In God's name don't fire yet!"

"Look you, villain!" exclaimed the youth, impatiently. "We know that you have a prisoner here, and we want her. Now let us have no more falsehoods—no more useless words of any kind. Show us the object we seek, and you may live. Refuse—and you die where you stand! Now what say you?"

The man hesitated but a moment. He gazed once more upon his fallen companions, and then let his cutlass drop.

"My life is worth more to my feet now than the value of the female you seek," he said, "and I will show you where she is."

"First," interrupted Julian, curbing his impatience for the moment, "tell me why this woman was taken."

"I'll do all I can," replied the freebooter, "but I can't tell ye that, for I don't know any more about it than you do, I only know that our captain took her, and that she was to be kept here until we got ready to sail."

"Then lead us to her."

The man took up one of the heavy brass lamps which stood lighted upon the table, and bade the youth to follow him. He then passed from the place by an arch near one of the angles, and having traversed three more rooms, he stopped in a small, circular apartment, in the massive wall of which there was an entrance, and which seemed to be within one of the smaller towers. Here he lifted a trap-door from the pavement, turning it up till its edge rested against the wall, thus disclosing a flight of steps which led down into utter darkness. Julian bore took the lantern from Mark's hand, and followed his guide down. The stairs were long and winding, and at the end our hero found himself in a low, damp vault, or arched way, which seemed to have the solid rock for a floor, though the walls were of masonry.

"Here you kept a helpless woman in such a place as this?" demanded Julian, as he felt the chill, damp air strike to his flesh.

"It was the only safe place we had, sir," answered the pirate. "But I guess it hasn't hurt her any. There is a chance for breathing in the place where she is."

In a few moments more he stopped before an oaken door, the surface of which was covered with a thick mold, and having withdrawn the fastening, he pushed it open. The youth saw the dim outlines of a female form in the gloom of the dungeon, and her rushing in, he held his lantern close to her features. It was a sweet, pale face; molded in a form of exceeding beauty with a perpetual heavenly expression. The dream was realized—the vision of years was not dispelled. Julian Glendower saw before him the same face that had cast over him so fatally in childhood, and just into the same soft, beaming eye that had dropped its dewy tears upon him in the hour of grief and excitement of the work they had done, they met down with her. She had been talking with herself while their preparations were being made—talking not very coherently—but talking of Julian, and in moments of gratitude, and worship every moment; but she was more calm now, and could converse rationally, and the lonely hour her pleasure at seeing him. When the table had been set back, and the company were gathered together, Margaret told her story.

"When I went out from here on the evening of my disappearance," she commenced, "I walked down into the wood, intending only to take a turn at the old path, and come back. I met a rough-looking man at the edge of the wood, but as he made no demonstrations of insult, I took no particular notice of him. When I reached the brook path, however, I found that this man had not only followed me, but was met by three more, one of whom was the largest and most powerful-looking man I ever saw. This fellow now approached me and seized me by the arm, and before I could speak, or utter any word of alarm, a second ruffian threw a cloth over my head, and I was then caught up and borne swiftly away. In a few moments I was placed upon the back of a horse, and then conveyed some distance, after which I was again taken in the arms of a powerful man, and carried up a steep, rugged hill. When the cloth was finally taken from my head, I found myself in the apartment of the ruins where you met me down after having brought me from the dungeon.

JULIAN GLENDOWER DISCOVERS HIS MOTHER.

Mark and Adam very soon dragged the five corses through the arched passage, and while they were doing it the following conversation took place:

"Now, sir, as we are free from interruption for the present, let us hear the light of her deep blue eyes beam forth again.

"Julian—my boy!" she cried, throwing out her arms, and sinking forward upon his bosom. "It is—oh—it is my son?"

"Mother!" he replied, clasping her fondly within his embrace. "It is your own boy—your boy come back after so many years, to love and protect you. Tell me, mother—are you hurt? are you fully well?"

"No, no, my son. I am only weak with a great joy. The good angels have let me live—and the noble truth that stood out upon his manly features—and with a low murmur of happiness she leaned her head again upon his bosom, and burst into tears.

That was not the place for explanation, for there was no knowing how soon more of the freebooters might be there. The man who had so strictly escaped them might return with some of his companions and give them trouble; so Julian resolved to be on the move as soon as possible. He had more than self to care for now. His mother as sacred him that she was perfectly able to go—that the sooner she could leave that place the better she should feel. Accordingly Adam Nolan went with his lantern to lead the way, while Mark felt loved in the rear, there being sufficient light to enable Julian to see very plainly.

It was nearly going down hill, it had been creeping up, not only from the descending slope, but because the tangled vines and briars had been mostly removed, and the youth bore his mother in his arms over the roughest places; but when they gained the level path she seemed to see that she could walk very easily. It was past midnight when they reached Dame Vernon's house, and the old lady was up to receive them. She embraced Margaret Glendower tenderly, and then commenced to ask questions.

"Wait a little, mother," interposed Mark. "My faint sons of us heard the story yet. Let her get rested first."

The old woman, the good dame busied herself in preparing some tea, which she had all ready to set a steaming, and when that was done she set on the table. Margaret had need of refreshment, and so had the men were somewhat tired with the labor and excitement of the work they had done, they sat down with her. She had been talking with Julian while their preparations were being made—talking not very coherently—but talking of him, and in moments of gratitude, and worship every moment; but she was more calm now, and could converse rationally, and the lonely hour's pleasure at seeing him. When the table had been set back, and the company were gathered together, Margaret told her story.

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"The four ruffians were about me, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the gigantic one as their leader—the same villain who had carried me off. I knew not what to make of this. I feared for my life, and a vague terror of something even worse haunted me. I asked the man why he had thus treated me, but he would not tell me. He said, that I remained quiet I should not be harmed. One of the men went away, and when he came back I was taken and conducted to the cold, deep cell where you found me. Twice a day food was brought, to me, but no prayers or tears of mine could move my keeper to tell me why I was kept there. To all my questions I only received a shake of the head, with the dubious assurance that they meant me no harm. And so I was kept till you came to me, and set me free."

"But," said Julian, after a pause of some moments, "there must have been some cause for this beyond the mere desire of these villains to secure your person. There must be some plot here. Have you no suspicion of anything more than has yet appeared?"

Margaret Glendower did not answer directly. She gazed a moment into the face of her son, and then bent her eyes to the floor with a troubled look. Finally she said, with some hesitation in her manner:

"I cannot—I dare not—conceive why it has been done."

"It is a strange piece of work," pursued the young man, musingly.

"But remember," replied his mother, "the same men waylaid and seized upon Lady Dame Dean, as you have told me."

"I know," responded Julian; "and there's something strange in that, too."

"And," added Mark, "if we live we'll have an overhaulin' of this matter."

"That we will," said Adam, rising from his seat; "and then maybe count upon me to help then. But I must be off now, or Peggy may think I'm dreadful. I'll see them all on the morrow."

With the the honest woodman took his leave, and as Margaret appeared weary and worn, her son asked her no more questions, but gave her to find his, and bade her good-night, as she retired for her bed. He found after her as she disappeared, and then turning to Mark, he said, with ardent enthusiasm—

"She has not changed a particle. Is she not the most heavenly being we left when we went away?"

The old man regarded his youthful compatriot with a frank, honest look, as he answered—

"It is all my wonderful, I never saw a lovelier woman. She's more than beautiful, me boy—she's a born angel."

"And why any one could wish harm to her is more than I can understand," pursued the youth, in an earnest, thoughtful mood.

"We'll find out about that, Julian," said Mark, encouragingly. "Don't worry to go for to borrer trouble yet. We've got her under safe guard now, and I guess we'll keep her. But come—it's time we turned in. All hands are down but us, and we may keep 'em awake."

Julian said no more. His head was soon upon his pillow and as he called to mind the events of the day, he thought how strange had been his first camp upon the shores of his native land

CHAPTER V.

LOVE.

Adam Nolan came over on the next day, and the events of the past were freely discussed, but no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at. Julian could not help noticing that his mother at times appeared buried in thought in which she gave no expression. He fancied that she held suspicions which she would not divulge, and on one occasion he spoke with her upon the subject. He asked her if she thought the bad enemies in that region.

"It seems that these pirates are my enemies," she answered, rather evasively.

"But I cannot but think that they have not done this of their own accord, mother. Can you think of no one else?"

"Not now, my son. We will leave this place as soon as we can. I do not feel safe here."

"Am I not here to protect you, mother? And have we not friends on all hands?"

"Yet we would be safer elsewhere, Julian."

"But you forget that I must wait here for orders. When I left my ship, I promised that, for might be found here when wanted. I could not go far away without first consulting with my superiors. But what is this danger? Surely you do not fear to trust me?"

"No, no, my son—I would trust you where I would trust myself. But this danger I cannot explain. It hangs over me like a mist at night. I feel that a storm is gathering, but I know not how or when it may break upon us. I wish you could leave this place, and come with me to our friends in Scotland."

"But this is past my comprehension, mother. What sort of danger can there be for me? I am not known here, save to my friends."

"The pirates know you."

"Yet they would not harm me, I think."

"And," pursued Margaret, with considerable tremulousness, "does not the young lord know you?"

"The earl!" repeated Julian, with a start. "What of him? Say, my mother—what of him? If your fears are fixed upon Sir Norman Cheveland, I pray you, tell me so."

Margaret Glendower trembled violently, but made no answer.

"Mother," cried the youth, seizing her by the hand, "you have some fears of this nobleman. What are they? Will you not tell me?"

"I cannot!" she replied, in a tremulous tone. "Oh! Julian, question me no more on this point. Let it suffice that the good angels have kept us safely together, and let us be thankful for it."

Julian pressed his mother kiss her son by both hands, and while the tears started to her eyes, the said:

"If you love me, Julian, let this pass now."

The youth could not but feel that it was cruel to thus bother more pain, yet he was too anxious upon one other point to let it pass over, even though it might have some connexion with the present.

"God knows," he said, kissing her upon the cheek, "that I would not cause you more pain—that I love you more than all the world beside; and I would suffer much rather than cause you one moment's pain. Yet I must ask you a question which has been working on my mind for a long while. You were very poor when you sent me away with Mark Woodman?"

"I was, my son."

"And was my father poor?"

Margaret started, and a look of intense pain passed over her face.

"Julian," she said, "my son," she finally replied, with a convulsive effort. "He died when you was a mere babe. He died far away from me, and I never claimed any of his property."

"He was a good man, mother?"

The moment the words had escaped his lips Julian wished that he had not asked the question, for he saw that it increased his mother's trouble. Yet she answered him, though her voice was very low and plaintive, and with more than mortal grief seemed upon her.

"I could not have loved a man whom I had not been assured was good. But, dear, kind, blessed Julian," she added, again, as she looked up with a look of prayerful entreaty, "I cannot see as I would. Away back in that time so long agone, there was a cloud through which no reason or power of mine can penetrate. But we are left to each other, and your mother's love is here and hating. Let us live in the future, my child,—let us live for duty and honor. Time the future assembled upon you, and your course has been onward and upward. Oh! Julian, I cannot tell you how proud and happy your mother has been when she knew how her son was honored and trusted. She feels that God has blessed her, and that she can still sit smooth over the past. There are not many of your age who have been promoted as you have been, and that, too, upon your own merits. There is promise in the future for you, my son, and the power of another shall always be with you."

The youth pressed his mother to his bosom, and while he felt a glow of pleasure at her, he promised to ask no more questions upon the topic that had passed.

Julian Glendower and his mother now drove their tents from his mind. There were two points which he had determined to pursue. He had been the circumstances under which his mother had met him years in India, and to them she looked for help. There was some reason in this, for those friends had helped him much, and his kind and effective influence he owed much of his advancement. But this could not satisfy him. So said: What was the danger his mother feared, both for herself and for him? Upon the first point he resolved not to be much troubled; but what this danger might be he meant to ascertain if he could, though in the meantime he was resolved not to trouble her.

For a week ere here passed most of his time with Mark, in the woods. They hunted and fished to their hearts' content, having the permission of Adam Nolan to range over Sir Roland Dean's estate at present as much as they pleased. They had seen nothing more of the pirates, as the brig had disap-

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

poured from the bay on the day following their adventure at the old ruins, so those villains were not to be feared at present.

And during this week Emma Dean had made three visits to Isaac Warrenton's cot. She came to see the old lady and Margaret, though there was another there whose company was but distasteful to her. On her second visit Julian was induced to recount to her some of his adventures in distant climes, and as she became interested he grew more eloquent and free. At first he only remembered how they had known each other as childhood, and of those bright days they loved to talk. Julian seemed to forget that Emma had been but a prattling child, then; and even she did not fully realize how little of those scenes she could, of her own thoughts, remember. The stories of good Adam Nolan, and of Dame Warrenton, had done more than anything else to fix her memory of Julian Glendower; and, as the old lady had always read to her the stories of her son, she had followed the youth through the years of his absence. Since the moment when the youthful pair had exchanged glances, after the arrival of the cot in the forest, Julian had felt a new and stronger emotion in his soul, and as he sat now, and conversed with the beautiful girl, that emotion began to take a palpable form. At first it was dim, like the faint memory of a pleasant dream; but finally he knew that he loved—loved deeply and fervently. And his heart had gone from him. For a while he kept these feelings to himself, and endeavored to act upon the course he should pursue. Sir Roland Dean was a wealthy baronet, owning one of the largest estates in Yorkshire. Might he not refuse the hand of his child to one who was almost a stranger to the British Navy? Once Julian thought of speaking with him first. But what if Emma did not love him?—did not care for him more than the circumstance he would only make a fool of himself. But while he was thus debating the season and the course an unseen hand led him on to the declaration of his love.

One afternoon he found himself alone with Emma at the foot of the hill, in front of the cot. They had walked out there without any particular purpose, and as they stopped to converse on the sprawling sod, the conversation turned upon the subject of the ponies.

"I don't know why they attached you as they did," said Julian.

"I think I can guess," returned Emma, with a slight shudder, as though some harrowing thought had neared her.

"You can?" cried the youth, earnestly.

"I am not sure," she answered; "but I have reason to believe that I am right. Mary Nolan has discovered it from a conversation she overheard. I think the cot was a present from one of—"

The curl?" repeated Julian, in astonishment. "Do you mean Sir Thomas Cleaveland?"

"I do."

"But why should he have done it?"

"It was simply to get me within his power. He knew that my father had gone to sea, and that if he could once get me within his dwelling he could make sure course to keep me there until my father returned."

"But I do not understand," said the youth.

"Nor do I entirely," replied the one who shared the confidence, in a quick and nervous way. He was so far at least, that Mary Nolan had first aimed to

CHAPTER VI.

DANGER IS EARNEST.

Sir Roland Dean was a gallant, hearty man, in the very prime of life, being younger at fifty than most men are ten years earlier. His frame had a tendency to corpulency, and but for the amount of exercise he took he might have been as fat as a pudding. He was a good-natured man when things went right with him, and not over proud, though he had a high sense of honor, and seldom and free with those below him in rank, and a fine intimate friends of all those who were worthy of his most faithful dependence. His wife had been dead some years, and his fair daughter claimed and received his undivided love. Living in a handsome old villa at Ravesdale Hall, (so the baronet's place was called) several miles from the sea, he had been received by its owner with marked kindness. Sir Thomas Cleaveland and he soon became fast friends, he loved brawny; and as he knew that the youth was of good family, and well educated, he had a high sense of welcome at once. And then Julian had done him some service in rescuing his child from the clutches of the pirates, and he felt he had a real gratitude.

Julian was very anxious to speak with the baronet upon the subject of his love for Emma, and he had gone to Ravesdale twice with that express object in view without accomplishing his purpose. But he was resolved that he would not leave the second time without speaking to the point. So after dinner he sought Sir Roland in the park, and finally made out to confess that he loved his daughter.

"Love her, eh?" returned the baronet, in his brief way. "I had suspected as much. You're a gentleman the way such adventurers terminate. It's a fine thing to rescue a young maiden from danger in the forest—rescue her from danger—restores her to her home—and then she loves you for his pay. And I suppose the girl loves you?"

"She does, sir," replied Julian, somewhat embolstered by the baronet's manner.

"Well, sir, if you have anything more to say on the subject, better speak out."

The youth broke a twig from a bush near at hand, and twisted it up like a cord while he seemed to find his thoughts.

"Don't be fooling, sir," pursued Sir Roland. "If you have any important communication to make, I can really be hear it."

"I have an important question to ask, sir," one here finally said, throwing down the bruised twig, and gaining an air of composure by the act. "And I love your daughter you already know, and for telling her I have no cause to offer. And now, sir, I would know if I can hope ever to obtain her hand. I do not ask now. I would not presume such a claim until I have earned more right to it. But if I'm in any profession—if I gain an honorable and lucrative position in the navy—then may I hope?"

"You take it for granted that the lady Emma will wait all this time for a husband?" said the baronet, with a peculiar sneer.

"I am sure she will," responded Julian.

"Then you have great faith in woman's love?"

"I do, sir. I know what the love of a mother is—next to the love of Heaven itself—and I believe that the true affections of a virtuous woman are not to be shaken while their object remains worthy. I believe she will wait, sir—and if she does, may you?"

Sir Roland pondered a few moments, and when he spoke his countenance was almost stern, and his voice low and earnest.

"Whatever might be my own wishes upon this subject," he commenced, "it matters not now. My highest aim of life is the good of my child. And for her sake I would sacrifice much. I was aware that she loved you, for she has told me so bitterly at last I have been thinking this thing over, and have made up my mind. I cannot promise that she shall ever be your wife, nor do I refuse your request. You must wait and the future may bring forth. All I can say is, if at some future time, that you should gain an honorable command in the navy, you may come to me and repeat your request, and then, if I feel that my child will be happier for the granting of it, you may be assured that you shall have her. But, mind you, you shall ask her for no further promise now. She shall be free—free as the wind ordered."

"I will respect the baronet," said the hand.

"Bless you, sir!" he cried. "I could not ask for more than that. Emma granted. I will rise. I again a position worthy of the prize I seek. The hope of possessing so priceless a jewel shall keep me in the path of duty and honor, and lead me on to the goal of my ambition."

"You will ask no more pledges from her at present?" inquired Sir Roland.

"No, sir. I will leave her bound only by methes of her own heart may weave for itself."

"Very well," was the answer—for that matter he settled for the present."

The youth bowed, and marshalled with joy. He had not expected that the baronet would have been so kind, and he could not believe a jewel shall keep as the pearls of days and hours, and more than all that he could have asked, and more than he had dared to hope for, and he straightway went at work to paint all sorts of joys and happiness in the future. When he met Emma, and had communed with her for a short time, he left the interview with her father, she gave of her own accord the assurance that she would remain true to him to the end.

"Will you not accept no pledges," said Julian, gazing into her face with a fond look.

"Very well, if it will please you, a most kindly pledge," returned the maiden.

And then Julian was not restricted. It is you that must remain free."

"Well—then I will be free to love you, and only you," she said, blushing, to command a sense enough for me. I could ask for no greater—my own the pallied blushes of the generous girl.

Julian could not refuse the pledge that voluntarily proffered, and he was happy, though he broke his word by accepting it, he took it to his heart and kissed it over.

"It will not, I hope, be many years," he said, holding Emma by the hand, "for I shall reach the rank I seek within a few years, if I can continue thus far, and I am told my superiors consider that I am rapidly progressing. I hope to command a man ship. The day of promise is not for distant, dearest."

"And bright hope shall keep it ever near," replied Emma, with a sweet smile. "And my prayers shall follow you wherever you go, and my blessings shall be with you."

"Nor shall mine," cried Julian, pressing the fair girl to his bosom. "I will select some bright star to-night, and name it after you, and we will be as the beacon-light of your love. When I gaze upon it I will think of you, and remember how deeply I am blessed."

"And I will select the star before you go away," said Emma, "and then we can both gaze upon it."

"A bright selection that he would

"Nothing can be foolish which pure love dictates, Emma. There may be many things which you may select that I cannot see, but to me love is not for them, and so they have no part in its sweet thoughts."

"Then I shall talk to the star."

Julian looked at the heaven, and thus we may hold converse together, even though it be many miles apart.

And thus they talked on going deeper and deeper into the sweetly depths of love, and blissful hope, and beautiful faith, while Julian's heart had united their hearts. The youth did not mean that they should be separated one hour longer than he could help, and he knew that he would not be forbidden. He felt that he had been broken; yet no one's plans are entirely several years, and he had been received by its owner with marked kindness. Sir Thomas Cleaveland and he soon became fast friends, he loved brawny; and as he knew that the youth was of good family, and well educated, he had a high sense of welcome at once. And then Julian had done him some service in rescuing his child from the clutches of the pirates, and he felt he had a real gratitude.

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The youth broke a twig from a bush near at hand, and twisted it up like a cord while he seemed to find his thoughts.

"Don't be fooling, sir," pursued Sir Roland. "If you have any important communication to make, I can really be hear it."

"I have an important question to ask, sir," one here finally said, throwing down the bruised twig, and gaining an air of composure by the act. "And I love your daughter you already know, and for telling her I have no cause to offer. And now, sir, I would know if I can hope ever to obtain her hand. I do not ask now. I would not presume such a claim until I have earned more right to it. But if I'm in any profession—if I gain an honorable and lucrative position in the navy—then may I hope?"

"You take it for granted that the lady Emma will wait all this time for a husband?" said the baronet, with a peculiar sneer.

"I am sure she will," responded Julian.

"And does not the end her knows his true character?"

"I do, sir. I know what the love of a mother is—next to the love of Heaven itself—and I believe that the true affections of a virtuous woman are not to be shaken while their object remains worthy. I believe she will wait, sir—and if she does, may you?"

Sir Roland pondered a few moments, and when he spoke his countenance was almost stern, and his voice low and earnest.

"Whatever might be my own wishes upon this subject," he commenced, "it matters not now. My highest aim of life is the good of my child. And for her sake I would sacrifice much. I was aware that she loved you, for she has told me so bitterly at last I have been thinking this thing over, and have made up my mind. I cannot promise that she shall ever be your wife, nor do I refuse your request. You must wait and the future may bring forth. All I can say is, if at some future time, that you should gain an honorable command in the navy, you may come to me and repeat your request, and then, if I feel that my child will be happier for the granting of it, you may be assured that you shall have her. But, mind you, you shall ask her for no further promise now. She shall be free—free as the wind ordered."

"I will respect the baronet," said the hand.

"Bless you, sir!" he cried. "I could not ask for more than that. Emma granted. I will rise. I again a position worthy of the prize I seek. The hope of possessing so priceless a jewel shall keep me in the path of duty and honor, and lead me on to the goal of my ambition."

"You will ask no more pledges from her at present?" inquired Sir Roland.

"No, sir. I will leave her bound only by methes of her own heart may weave for itself."

"Very well," was the answer—for that matter he settled for the present."

The youth bowed, and marshalled with joy. He had not expected that the baronet would have been so kind, and he could not believe a jewel shall keep as the pearls of days and hours, and more than all that he could have asked, and more than he had dared to hope for, and he straightway went at work to paint all sorts of joys and happiness in the future. When he met Emma, and had communed with her for a short time, he left the interview with her father, she gave of her own accord the assurance that she would remain true to him to the end.

"Will you not accept no pledges," said Julian, gazing into her face with a fond look.

"Very well, if it will please you, a most kindly pledge," returned the maiden.

And then Julian was not restricted. It is you that must remain free."

"Well—then I will be free to love you, and only you," she said, blushing, to command a sense enough for me. I could ask for no greater—my own the pallied blushes of the generous girl.

Julian could not refuse the pledge that voluntarily proffered, and he was happy, though he broke his word by accepting it, he took it to his heart and kissed it over.

"It will not, I hope, be many years," he said, holding Emma by the hand, "for I shall reach the rank I seek within a few years, if I can continue thus far, and I am told my superiors consider that I am rapidly progressing. I hope to command a man ship. The day of promise is not for distant, dearest."

"And bright hope shall keep it ever near," replied Emma, with a sweet smile. "And my prayers shall follow you wherever you go, and my blessings shall be with you."

"Nor shall mine," cried Julian, pressing the fair girl to his bosom. "I will select some bright star to-night, and name it after you, and we will be as the beacon-light of your love. When I gaze upon it I will think of you, and remember how deeply I am blessed."

"And I will select the star before you go away," said Emma, "and then we can both gaze upon it."

"A bright selection that he would

"Nothing can be foolish which pure love dictates, Emma. There may be many things which you may select that I cannot see, but to me love is not for them, and so they have no part in its sweet thoughts."

"Then I shall talk to the star."

Julian looked at the heaven, and thus we may hold converse together, even though it be many miles apart.

And thus they talked on going deeper and deeper into the sweetly depths of love, and blissful hope, and beautiful faith while their hearts

THE UNIVERSAL BEVERAGE.

BY N. P.

I've drained the sparkling wine-cup, I've quaff'd the flowing bowl;
I've drunk of every vintage, from Sicturat to the pole;
From Rhine Johannisberger, the glory of the Rhine,
To prime imperial Tokay, that fam'd Hungarian wine;
With the sherry sack of Shakspeare, from Xeres' wine-clad land,
And the rosy grape, that blushes on sweet Madeira's strand.

Yes, I've bath'd my lips in each ecstatic wine
That gushes from the golden grape, or else Tyrian purple vine,
That rises from the sunbeams, with hues of crimson bright,
Or sparkles in my glass, with rays of dancing light;
But of all the drinks I've tasted, from Delaware to Nipping,
I've become more bathing the pleasure or the thing!
It never raises fever, the pulse beats free and calm,
And the aching sensation it can soothe the friend's tortured brain
It entices peering on the thirsting, the feverish, burning brain.

And like the generous dew of Hermon quick relieves us of the pain it causes.

Then to crown the festival's cup, bring me the chalice pure,
Fresh from the crystal fountain, for ever! I'll be sure.

DREAMS AND REALITIES;

OR,

ADELAIDE SINGLETON'S HAPPINESS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Here's a letter from sister Sophy, my dear, would you like to read it?" said Mr. Singleton.

The family were sitting round their somewhat breakfastable, in the elegant dining-room of their house in ——— Square, in the very heart of Upper Tendom. The portrait had just left a mouthful of coffee at the door, which the waiter had brought in. Each member of the family had one or more of those salutes to discuss with the toast and tea, and various mixtures which make up the meal we call breakfast.

Mrs. Singleton looked up rather impatiently from the letter she was reading, when her husband addressed her. If there had not been "such a love of a sheet" at ——, which she meant to secure by reading a thousand times, and which she suppose that morning, she probably would have given it to her husband at once. As it was, with the most well-bred indifference, she merely raised her glass to her eye, and glanced at the letter, which he held up before her—a long sheet of foolscap, covered with small, irregular writing.

"How is your sister?" she said. "Her letter is very long, and I am in a hurry to go out. Can't you tell me what she writes?"

Mr. Singleton took up the letter again. He rubbed his left ear and said, in his usual calm, equable way, but with an apology. So he answered, quietly—

"She gives me a glowing account of her present home, and speaks with all a mother's pride of her sons; I remember they were fine, handsome little boys when I last saw them, in the old homestead in Connecticut, twenty years ago. She says she would be very glad to have me make her a visit, and invites Adelaide to come and spend a year with her, and—oh, yes, here it is—she says, 'I have my love to you wife and Adelaide, and tell Adelaide that if she will come and spend a year with us, here on the prairies, we will warrant her a Fredor color and a more elastic frame than any city lady ever boasted. Won't she come?'"

Mrs. Singleton quietly elevated her eyebrows in exclamation, but the tone of her head was significant of her feelings. Miss Adelaide, who had just finished the perusal of a half-dozen tiny, perfumed sheets, in the handwriting of her most intimate friend and constant correspondent in Philadelphia, now raised her head, and very languidly began to take an interest in the conversation.

"What are you saying about me, papa?" said this young lady—a sentimental blonde, with a dreamy languor in her large blue eyes, with a willowy figure and light drooping curls—and clad in a morning costume which could only be described as consisting of long, floating drapery of every hue, muslin, and a profusion of lace trimmings, and knots and streamers of blue ribbond. "Who has sent me an invitation?"

"Your Aunt Sophy, child. My only sister, who went to Illinois before you were born, and whom you have never seen."

"Aunt Sophy, papa! Of course you have told us about her a great many times. Why can we not all go and visit her this summer?" she asked, with a faint show of animation; and added, lifting her eyes to the ceiling, and then allowing the mixed tide to drown mournfully over them—"Oh, I am wearied with the hollow vanities of the great world. Newport and Saratoga are but mockeries of fanciful dissipation, and never in those haunts of fashion can I meet a kindred soul, or commune unmolested with Nature."

"What are you talking about, Addie?" said her mother, sharply. "Who was will to go to Newport last summer? Who so fond of gaiety as yourself, until you took to moonlight walks and rides in Harmon Waterton, the poet; and began to read poetry, and sigh, and cast up your eyes after that silly sentimental fashion. I did hope that when Horace Waterton never came near one of us, and went to the city, and shortly after married the rich Miss Anderson, who was so fat and ugly that every one knew that it was only her money he loved, you would come to your senses, and behave becomingly; and like a reasonable creature, Addie."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear? What have you scolding Addie about? What is it, Sophy?" said

"I am weary of her sentimental nonsense, Mr. Singleton. She actually prefers to stay at home and dream over some book of poetry, or poring in her society. She looks five years older than she did last summer; her health is failing; and, with all my efforts, I shall never be able to secure an eligible offer from her unless she ceases to her senses soon."

"It is my fault, mamma," commenced Adelaide, in a quivering voice, "that the dream of my youth have faded, and that, in the midst of all the fresh hopes, my heart has been left desolate to wither unfolded——"

"Now you are talking nonsense, Addie," said Mr. Singleton. "I really think a journey would do you good. So, if you and your mother can get ready, I think we will start in two or three weeks for a visit to Aunt Sophy."

"But, Mr. Singleton," commenced his wife, "at this season of the year—Shouldn't you think you can do thinking of?"

"Thinking that I shall go to visit my sister. I shall like to have you accompany me; but, at any rate, I am determined that Addie shall go."

Mrs. Singleton felt that there was rebellion in her household, but it was her policy not to heed its insipient manifestations. So she only said—

"Very well, my dear; we will take the matter into consideration," and then followed her husband from the room, and drew him into the library. What the process was by which she secured his consent was transferred from her husband's pocket-book to her little silver porte-monnie I know not.

But when did Mrs. Singleton fail to accomplish her purpose?

The sentimental Adelaide, as soon as her parents were gone, removed the embroidered handkerchief from her face, and sat up to the table. She called for coffee and a fresh egg; and, really, for one of her ethereal nature, one who frowned that she at times forgot the claims of the material in seeking to supply the higher cravings of the spiritual nature, she contrived to make a very substantial meal.

Mr. Singleton, for once, had his way. Adelaide declared that she could not escape from the crowded haunts of fashionable life, and, to acquire for a time with nature's desiderata." She revelled of the charms of rural life, and really showed more animation in prospect of her journey than had been visible upon her fair, but almost expressionless face, since the marriage of Horace Waterton. Mrs. Singleton announced that she took the journey on account of Adelaide's health, and carefully kept out of mention the beautiful presents with which Mr. Singleton had won her compliance.

At length the preparations were complete, and Aunt Sophy having been duly notified of their coming, the party started from home on a glorious morning in May. Adelaide had provided herself with two or three volumes of poetry (so called) and a few left home. There had the grand attractions of the Hudson, the beautiful villages through which they passed upon the railroad, the grandeur of the great lakes, and the various romantic incidents of the journey, as she declared, to fill and entertain her spiritual nature, that she had no thought for the physical, and was utterly unmindful of the comfort or fatigue. Her parents, being made of coarser clay, were dreadfully wearied at the long journey and its delays, when, on the fifth day, an hour before sunset, they arrived at the station where Aunt Sophy's husband met them, and were glad to learn that the place of their destination was distant but an hour's ride in the cars. Adelaide, too, and to find a tall, sun-burned young farmer, who introduced himself as Mr. Sophy's son, hastened, awaiting them with his mother's carriage. Even Mrs. Singleton rejoiced in the prospect of a less wearying kindly, but Adelaide shrank before the loud voice and brusque manner, and the examined her fellow-travellers curiously, to see if any like not see their shape after the strong clasp of his great palm.

She began to think that the "wilderness and prairie of nature" must be very coarse and unrefined, and to feel more than ever the necessity of her mind to talk about, that I can write no more to-night. Love in the meantime to you and Adelaide, and anxiously and promptly for her return. Adieu she answered them!

Mrs. Singleton, dear mother, that I shall not survive the horrors of the long, lonely winter upon the prairies. Indeed, I am not sure that I do not die happily, now promptly the days speed away in this new world, and the pleasant, healthful occupations that fill them so full. Sometimes Aunt Sophy has been forced to leave me for a few hours, from her sickness of rheumatism. Then I was housekeeper and you should have seen me in my white bolland apron, with sleeves rolled up above the elbows, kneading bread, and working butter, and sweeping and dusting, and a thousand other duties. Then, when Aunt Sophy says, 'though Bridget performs all the heavy drudgery, I do not know how I could get on at all, if I were not to be trusted with such work as making bread, and keeping the house in order, and such other household matters as these.

Then

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

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A THOUSAND BLESSINGS ON THE WORKERS!

Small indeed would be our intellectual triumphs when subduing the brute force of the Republic and endowing them with human capabilities, if the monster, fortified and fed by the wealth it might win, be the precursor of material bleakness. In our eyes, there are the very best of their efforts, when in the moral splendor which, in time, they must throw over the world that traffic in the heart and elevates the soul. What are these mighty implements, and this wonderful subjection to man of the rude matter, but the hands of a great and holy Father? For the full development of the moral and mental powers, we must have physical development: the body must be clothed; the system must be nourished; the head must be sheltered from the elements—and all these without a toll that consumes the whole of the waking hours of each human being, denied every noon succeeding every dawn refinement and humanized with the world—finally—a word, when the whole Earth kneels like a tamed creature before the sleepy hand and goading bow!

Then a thousand blessings on the workers! Time to him who is delving, time to the brain of the stubborn mountain! soon shall the light of God gleam in magnificent beauty around. Hence to him who is smoothing the physical superficies of your circle! Soon shall the plant of steam blunder over its iron pathway, bearing wealth and intelligence in his mighty hands. Honor to those who are rattling onward at the car of Juggernaut that shall unite worlds! soon shall the wards of commerce, friendship and love be gathering through the *fathomed* ocean. Who cannot see to all this tremendous physical energy must be preparation—a victory over time, and place, and matter—the erection of a vast platform for that temple of Peace and Righteousness given, of the universe's herds, foretold by hosts of prophets, and promised by the Father of all! Shall the heavenly vision? Man at last holds at will the elements in his hand; every ocean is bridged; every desert is sparkling with floral gems; every mountain top glitters with the banner of civilization—and the monarch of the earth, and he has learned that Peace is the interest of nations! War slumbers on his dimed shield forever.

THE SACK OF LUCKNOW.

The English papers are filled with accounts of the treasures "sacked" at Lucknow, and won by the "great British army." One private soldier robbed a native lady of a superb diamond necklace, which proved to be worth $500,000. Some had filled their knapsacks with gold and jewels. Others had plundered deliberate women of costly shawls and embroidered cashmere shawls of marvellous beauty and value. If a woman is to be forgot by what was due to "British valor" as to attempt to keep possession of her purse, her watches or her jewels, a thrust with a British bayonet, or a stab with a British dagger, soon mended her manners, and taught survivors the respect due to a female who is a barian to English civilization. We do not mean to say that the British troops acted worse at the sack of Lucknow than French, or Austrian, or American, or any other soldiers, indulged in the awful tales of the butchery of their countrywomen, and maddened by the rage of the moment, have done, in a few of the cases of war that it transforms angels into demons, and men into brutes.

TASTING.

The public spirit of our country has recently been much stirred at its neglect of tasting, and the merits of our sea craft. We have had many races up and down the bay; and at last a trial trip around Long Island, wherein many have opened their eyes with wide astonishment. We now propose a race from New York to Liverpool. That would be something worth talking about. How many of our bold sailor boys will enter their yachts for a run across the Atlantic? Who will take the initiative and bring the "*gage d'eau*" up to the scratch? Should such a race come off, we will furnish the steamer by which Lucknow so soon to be lives—at the regular retail or subscription price.

ELOPEMENTS.

Several elopements of a peculiarly interesting character, have occurred in different parts of the country within a recent period, the "young ladies" who eloped being, in every case, under *fifteen years of age, and the daughters of rich parents.* We think that a man who would lavish a mere child of fourteen years, from her home, or from a boarding-school, and marry her against the wishes of her parents, must be a most commendable villain at heart. There should be some legal safeguard thrown around the female children of the land that would save them from such designing knaves.

AMUSEMENTS.

We believe that man was created for amusement as well as for toil. The character of his senses is fitted by any other conclusion. The capacities of curiosity, wonder, and humor are so evidently intended for recreation as for science use. There are in all nature comic and amusing as well as serious and instructive aspects. Indeed, the comic and amusing are not necessarily uninstructive. The orang-outang in no small satire on man, while the comical monkey suggests how close resemblance to a beast a liveliness or a fickle mind may be, if the latter only had a cooler and steadier.

But while we acknowledge man's natural adaptitudes for amusement, and the gainful benefits to the world of nature, we are opposed to the encouragement of other than rational and innocent amusements. By rational, we mean such as are not a waste and dissipation of time and faculties; and by innocent, such as are not belittling or degrading. For legitimate amusements, as defined by a sound morality, we are friends. And for all athletic amusements, that tend to develop the physical powers, all opposition is unreasonable, and stimulate better effort and higher ambition all spectacular and deceptive amusements, that end in cheat and fraud

A TWILIGHT CALM.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Sweet Lily Bell, come near me now;
The perfumed sea of the flowers
Is lessened with my early love.
And from yonder lonely bowers,
The spirit of my youth glides forth
All wreathed with myrtle, scattering round
Its fragrance on the evening air,
And trailing scraps of lingering sound.
Now, while the baby-birds are dreaming
With wide-of moonlight over them gleaming,
Mid lullabies of angel singing,
I'll tell thee an old story.

"Sweet Lily Bell, there was a time
In the dim years of long ago,
When, looking through my lashes silver,
Over you dark blue waters winded there,
I saw a stranger young and fair—
So fair—so like some choice "light—
In hunter's garb, who stood and viewed
The beauties of the forest wild.
He lingered long—and I, forgetting
From my Owl, when suns were setting
Would gaze on him without regarding
My blind and daring worship.

"Sweet Lily Bell, he left me here—
He left me—but who could forget?
Who was he like? I'll tell thee now;
Come closer, darling, closer yet—
Thy baby brother Charlie wears
The beauty of my early love—
The air, the brow, the moon blue eyes—
For this, his crinkled curls above,
The golden hair, and tones more soothing,
Which I sang young, believed in—as his kissing
Her child must the owl's love be!
Remain thy father's glamour.

"Sweet Lily Bell, what was his fate?
He vanished—like the love, who wended
To hear his story from my lips.
"And she"—she is my mother, child
And he, the man whose name I bear,
Was her love—and I this is strange—
Yet, such is life! Now, Lily Bell,
My simple story's done—my page
Among the purple shadows lying
Ere you grow grave where wives are sighing
And over the wild-wood music dying—
I cannot mess thy game."

RICHARD HOFFMAN

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE STRUGGLE FOR A LIFE.

On the arrival of Sir Charles Fourrean, with Jack Manders, at the house of our hero, Hanson, the khansmah, received them with the usual obsequious salam, then stood with his arms folded over his breast to await his questions or orders.

"How is your master?" demanded the baronet.

"He sleeps."

"Thank Heaven."

The Hindoo severely smiled.

"Prepare a bed instantly for this poor fellow," he added hastily; "I expect Dr. Burke, the physician of my regiment, in a few minutes."

"The Vaisinar of Europe are here," observed Hanson, with a covert sneer; "doubtless, the danger will be of his approach."

"I trust so," answered the unsuspicious colonel. After some talk, Sir Charles and the baronet, leaving the same room where his master was lying, removed from the palanquin, he made the best of his way to the saloon where Richard was still sleeping, and Fred Wharton watching by his side.

The two officers exchanged a silent pressure of the hand.

"You may speak," said the youngest; "his slumber appears to be almost lethargic; see how heavily he breathes."

The baronet approached, and gazed with deep emotion on the pale, wan features which he had so lately beheld beaming with health and animation; the change shocked him greatly.

"There has been treachery," he said, "infernal treachery. Burke declares that our friend is poisoned."

At this confirmation of his suspicions, Fred Wharton started from his seat, and paced rapidly the room in violent agitation.

"Accursed villain!" he exclaimed; "whom has he ever wronged? I cannot point out one single enemy."

The baronet shook his head mournfully.

"It cannot have been for plunder."

"No!"

"Then for what?"

"Either revenge or jealousy," answered the colonel; "but this is not the moment to investigate the truth. Our first care must be to cure him. Burke has gone to fetch the native physician, Mirza Algoo. The hakim must skilful in the practice of the East."

"Will it be safe to trust him?"

"We must trust him—it is our last hope."

Several of the servants, including the cypress, now entered the saloon, bearing Jack between them. Hanson followed. On seeing the latter, the suspicions of Warton returned with additional force.

"Sacred!" he exclaimed, "if anything fatal occurs, you shall swing for it."

The Hindoo looked up with well-acted surprise.

"What said the sahib?"

The words were repeated.

The khansmah answered them by a cold, disdainful smile.

"Speak," said the baronet; "what is the meaning of this desolation?"

He pointed as he spoke to Jack and Richard, as they lay each extended and unable to speak upon a sofa.

"Is thy servant a hakim?" replied the man, "that he should explain those things! The flower fades, while the root is still within the earth, and who can tell the reason why? It is kismat."

Sir Charles was sufficiently an oriental to know the meaning of the word.

"I tell you what your destiny shall be," he muttered, sternly, "if it be proved that you have tampered in this deed."

Hanson regarded him calmly.

"A rope, and a felon's grave."

"Be it as you have said," answered the man. "The innocent are strong, and there is justice in Calcutta for the Hindoo, as well as the Feringee."

At this moment, Dr. Burke made his appearance. On seeing him, the khansmah only smiled; when he saw the native physician, Mirza Algoo, following him with his box of drugs, his countenance underwent so palpable a change, that it was impossible to mistake his emotion.

He would have quitted the room, but Fred Wharton sprang between him and the door.

"Murderer," he said, "I arrest you."

"I am innocent."

"That remains to be seen."

Sir Charles was so convinced of the fellow's guilt, that, calling to his palaquin bearers, he gave him in charge to two of the strongest, and directed one of the others to go for a party of the police, who, when When he had gazed about as much as would cover the surface of a shilling, he called for a glass of milk.

One of the native servants brought it.

The Hindoo examined it carefully, and, satisfied that it was unadulterated, he slowly dropped the powder into it, muttering, at the same time, words in an unknown tongue.

The English physician smiled; he fully comprehended that the verse, or whatever the old man might be reciting, could only be by way of blind to the true virtue of the simple lying in the powder.

"Now raise him up," said the hakim.

Sir Charles and Fred did as he directed.

"Hold back his head."

"I was done.

"Now, sahib, drink," added Mirza. "I am you would live to life. Violent convulsions will follow. Let not feeling or the sight of his sufferings disarm you. Should you release him, the consequences will be fatal."

His patient was placed exactly in the position he required, yet still the physician paused. The friends of the sufferer began to grow impatient—they could not understand why he delayed to administer the remedy.

"Patience," observed the old man, "is the motto of wisdom."

Gradually the milk in the glass began to effervesce. Mirza approached it to the lips of our hero, and despite his struggles, forced the contents down the throat of the youth, who made violent efforts to reject it.

It was well that he had informed those who assisted him of the consequences of their impatience, or the fatal effects he had predicted in all probability would have ensued. Sir Charles convulsed took place—the eyeballs of the patient appeared distended with agony.

Even Burke, who had watched the proceedings with all the curiosity natural to his profession, could scarcely endure to look upon him. Sir Charles and Fred were terribly agitated.

"Has the dose been sufficient?" demanded the former.

"A grain more or less were death."

Still the convulsions continued; they had lasted now several minutes, and an intense was their violence, that fatal effects were anticipated.

"Poor Lily!" thought the baronet, who fully expected to see our hero sunken under the violence of his sufferings, "this will be a sad blow to thy young and loving heart."

At last a deep groan broke from the patient, whose limbs writhed in agony.

"Hold him fast," added the hakim, sternly.

A second groan followed.

"Be not surprised," he added, "at what I am about to do."

Clutching his long, meager hand, he struck the patient a forcible blow upon the chest.

"Monster!" exclaimed Fred, "you have destroyed him!"

"I have saved him," replied Mirza, calmly.

A violent fit of vomiting followed the action.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the sickness continued. Strange to say, the matter ejected consisted of long downy threads, green, resembling in everything save color, the mouvred cast upon the beach.

The quantity was enormous.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the sufferer appeared to become more freely, and he added to be laid back upon the couch.

"Hold him still," repeated the hakim; "if he proves he dies!"

As a matter of course, after such a caution, the curiosity of our hero to be permitted to recline back upon the sofa was subjected—Fred and Sir Charles exchanged looks of horror.

Dr. Burke observed with intense interest that the ends of the last fibers were tinged with blood, and he pointed out the fact to the hakim, who nodded his head.

"Aye," he said, "they were already rooted on the lungs; it is fire days, at least, dead, since he took the poison."

When the sickness had entirely subsided, the old man prepared a draught in which he mingled various drugs and simples. His patient swallowed it with the less difficulty than the first.

Mirza anxiously watched its effects.

"Allah *hoo!*" he exclaimed, after a pause; "the last fibre is removed, and the youth is saved."

A sigh of relief broke from all present.

"Lay him down."

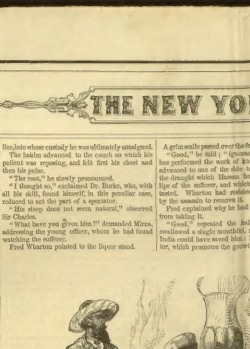
They did as he directed.

A grim smile passed over the features of the Hindoo.

"Good," he said; "ignorance, in this instance, has performed the work of knowledge." He next advanced to one of the side tables, and examined the draught which Hanson had proved upon the lips of the sufferer, and which still remained untasted. Whether he had watched the attempt made by the assassin to recurve it.

Fred explained why he had prevented his friend from taking it.

"Good," repeated the hakim. "Had he not swallowed a single mouthful, not all the science of India could have saved him; it is the *henaue* water, which generates the growth of the root."



CALLED A PRISONER IN THE HINDOO TEMPLE.

"He will sleep for hours, but his slumbers must be watched."

Sir Charles and Wharton both declared their intention of passing the night by the sufferer.

"It is well," said the old man. "Should he wake, give him stimulants, but beware how you break his sleep—leave nature to herself."

The same process had now to be gone through with Jack Manders, whose sufferings were far less acute than Tyrrel's, for he had not taken the fatal root till several days after him.

The hakim having completed his task, was about to depart.

"Stay," said the baronet; "you have saved a life that is very dear to me, and to all who know him."

"My star has been fortunate."

"I will speak the gratitude of my friends."

"No, answer for me," interrupted Richard, in a faint voice, "and for my father, whose name is Hoffman."

He was right; the man had long been employed as a spy about the residence of our hero. Hanson had engaged him in the ostensible capacity of a *khansia*, or water-carrier, and he was now on his way to inform Al Morrad and the chief Brahmin of the detection of their scheme, and the imprisonment of their agent.

We must leave poor Calcb for awhile and follow the native into the interior of the idol temple.

The hall in which the banker and his confederate were seated was one of the most elaborately decorated in the edifice, the walls painted with representations of the incarnations of Vishnu, and the avatars of Seeaudi, the supreme deity of the Hindoos. Of the latter deity, singular to say, they possessed but one idol; and the reason assigned for it is, that "Veida," or sacred book, is as follows :—

"The worship of deity is so great, there is no image. He is the incomprehensible being who illumines all, delights all, and from whom all proceeds; and the only way by which we live when born, and that to which all must return."

The worship of Brumah it supposed to be in the triangle of Quivelings, in the center of a circle.

Had we space, and did not fear to tire our readers by digressions which, however interesting to the antiquarian, or to a literary patriot, would be foreign to the progress of our tale, we should feel inclined to pursue the conclusion which the singularity of the symbol of the supreme god of India would suggest. As it is, we must resign the task, merely observing that the unglazed pinaine of Hindoo literature are rich in truths, distributed within the pest, shrubs from the many-colored garment of old Time—scribbled to the ignorant of Seaudi's law, but to the patient and learned, lit'ruglyphic keys to the past—spells by which investigation separates truth from fiction.

There is little doubt but the compilers of the Pentateuch had a knowledge of the sacred writings. One expression, in particular, recalls the traveler, I AM of Scripture. As the words are generally known, we will quote it, before resuming the thread of our narrative :—

"I am that I am; and not any other thing—that which exists, unperceived, supreme.

"I am the creation and dissolution of the whole universe; there is nothing greater than I, and all things hang upon me, even as precious gems on a thread.

"I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, sound in the firmament, human nature in mankind, sweet-smelling savor in the earth, glory in the splendor of light.

"In all things I am life; and in animals I am desire, regulated by moral Dharm."

We have indulged in these extracts from the sacred writings of the Hindoos, to show that, however debased they may be, through the priestcraft and ambition of their priesthood, there was originally in their religion the germ of a system capable of receiving the great truths of Christianity.

Al Morrad was in high spirits. The last report he had received represented the successful rival at the point of death, the next one he doubted not would confirm it.

"Father," he exclaimed, addressing the Brahmin, who was seated by his side, "the work goes heavily on. One of the latest men of our oppression, by the time, stands before the judgment seat of Yamen."

The old man faintly smiled.

"Still, I could have wished," continued the speaker, "that you had not spared Kelnah."

"Spared her!" repeated the aged bigot; "for what? the transcendent sacrifice which has too long been neglected."

"She may escape."

"Impossible!" replied the farmer. "She is at the chief temple of the offended goddess. Murderess watches over her!"

The wretched groan, too," muttered the banker. "He is faithful."

Al Morrad made a gesture of incredulity.

"He would not sacrifice his faith, even to the love of his master," added the speaker. "He must live."

"And yet it would be more prudent to——"

"He shall live!" interrupted the Brahmin, in a tone which admitted of no reply; for the wealthy Hindoo banker was wholly in his power. "And now, urge me no more upon the subject. Although the death of every one, and daughter of the Christian race has been decreed, have we not, in pity to day weakness, commanded to spare the Lillian?"

The Hindoo lowered his head, to conceal the mortification he felt at the distasteful air and words of the speaker.

The servant of the temple entered the hall, and, after declining with profound respect before the Brahmin, stood, with his arms folded over his chest, waiting until the old question him.

"Now, is the Christian dead?" demanded Al Morrad, hastily.

The man made no reply.

"It is permitted thee to speak," said his superior.

"The sahib Tyrrell has escaped."

"Impossible!" exclaimed both the conspirators.

"The English hakim and the officer came to the house," resumed the messenger, "and brought with them the father of knowledge—Mirza Algoo, at whose presence the spoiler of death fled. He administered the antidote, known only to the sacred ones."

"Curse him!" muttered the banker.

"It is like the feringees," calmly observed the Brahmin, who, apart from the general hatred he felt to all of European blood and the desire of obliging his confederate, had no particular motive in wishing for the death of our hero; "it was not his destiny to die."

"Father," exclaimed the Hindoo, with a sudden burst of passion, "you have never loved, never felt the gnawing pang of jealousy, the agony of knowing that a rival—a successful, happy rival—is by the side of her we love—who, the companion of her walks, the sharer of her thoughts and smiles."

The Brahmin eyed him with a look of cold disdain, as if such feelings were far beneath one of his sacred order, and yet a keen observer might have detected a latent expression on his features, indicating that the fruit of age, which rested on his wrinkled brow, was not yet utterly exempt from the heart; for if love were extinct, ambition was not.

"And Hassan!" he exclaimed, suddenly struck by the absence of Giovanni; "is he alive?"

"He is prison."

The priest clasped his hands thrice, and several attendants entered. Hastily willing a few lines upon his tablet, he gave it in one of them.

"Bear this to the moonshee," he said, "who resides near the prison."

The man withdrew.

"There is danger," whispered Al Morrad.

"I have guarded against it," replied the old man, with a cruel smile. "Before the dawn, Hassan will be beyond the reach of his cunning."

"Free?"

"The freedom of death," answered the Brahmin, in a tone of indifference; for, like most Asiatics, he reckod but little of human life. "You may witness it, if you please, from the tower of the temple."

The man, instead of obeying him, folded his arms and remained motionless—a sign that he had something further to communicate.

"Speak."

"Is passing through the wood in front of the temple, that I was watched."

"By whom?"

"A Christian of the servants of the ralah Tyrrell. I took upon myself to order his arrest."

A grim smile of satisfaction rested on the features of the aged bigot; he had not forgotten his power.

Calcb was brought into his presence, bound with cords, and the side of a shawl thrust into his mouth to prevent the utterance of an alarm. The banker laid his hand upon the weapon he wore in his girdle, and, doubtless, would have made short work with the helpless man, but for a gesture from his reinstated kin.

"Blood must not be shed within these walls," he said; "to Brumah will I offer him. A Christian and a servant of the ralah—he is not over-within my power—the sacrifice will be complete."

"Should he escape?"

"He will not. Long before the dawn of another day he shall be far from Calcutta, on his way to the great temple of Mandalay."

Al Morrad disliked the delay, but circumstances compelled him to submit.

The precaution taken by the cunning priest to prevent his secret being betrayed proved an effectual one, for on the following morning when Sir Charles Fourrean visited the police court to prefer a charge of attempted attempted assassination, the khansmah Hassan, human justice had been forestalled by the ralian had been found in his cell.

A serpent of a peculiarly venomous kind had stung him, though how it came there no one could explain.

It was not generally found in that part of India.

CHAPTER LXV.

LOVERS' CONFIDENCES.

The cause of the march of the gallant 61st to the Burmese frontier, and the fate which awaited had taken alarm at the spirit of insubordination manifested by the native troops, the forces on which the Indian government of Bombay, England had hitherto confined the stability of her Eastern empire.

When the news first began to be whispered in Calcutta, the young officers and soldiers generally laughed at it. Nothing could shake their faith in the affections of the troops for their chief. It regarded it as a mere passing ebullition, arising from some caprice of caste, or an attempt to avail themselves of the absence of the superior force of the Queen's troops in Persia, to extort an augmentation of pay or batta. The more prudent amongst they looked upon as the pretext.

On the last opinion, most probably, they were not far wrong, for the Hindoo, like the Bourgeois, seldom gives the reason for his act, it is generally veiled by the excuse.

Old residents in India viewed the affair in a widely different light. They had long been aware of the spirited disinclination which, like the smoldering fire, was only waiting a favorable occasion to burst forth, and spread destruction around; but even they were far from imagining the horrors which were soon to be perpetrated—horrors destined to desolate many an English home, and leave an in-

delible stain upon the page of Indian misrule and want of common foresight.

It is astonishing how few men ever, till the events of the late war, formed a correct idea of the Sepoy character; and yet the data for a sound judgment were ample. Their religion was and is a religion of cruelty, founded on an appeal to the worst passions of humanity. The Mussulman character is naturally cruel-fist, and truth a stranger to it.

All criminals, without exception, deem it a meritorious act to deceive a European; and after so many years of contact with the British, and governed by them, it is a sad blot upon the policy of Englishmen, but an undeniable fact, that the Asiatics neither love nor respect them.

The fact is, they look upon them as hypocrites; and when we calmly and dispassionately consider all the circumstances which have attended the progress of the British empire in India, we can scarcely feel surprised that such is the case.

The approaching departure of Sir Charles and his family for Delhi was a sad blow to the hero of our tale. Pain would be here accompanied with a bet a thousand times that of love—honor—clashed him in Calcutta, at least for the present, and he could not break his fetters without abandoning the hope which had first brought him to India.

"I cannot comprehend," said Lady Bell, when the approaching departure was talked over, "why you should not go with us."

Lillias faded the same.

In this dilemma, the harassed, like a gallant soldier, came to his rescue, for he was one of the speakers unordered the cause.

"Simply, my love, because he has a reason," he replied.

The lady gave one of her pretty little shrugs, which, in those of her sex, must be taken for a confession.

"And that I for one," added her husband, "should blame him for a dereliction of duty."

There was no rebutting the charge.

"Duty," repeated her ladyship, emphatically—for her sweet, affectionate nature grieved for the disappointment of her adopted child—"that is the word with which you lords of the creation always try to silence us."

"I am glad you said so," observed her husband, with a smile.

"Duty," continued the lady, "duty: a word which meant everything or nothing, when we ask for reasons."

Sir Charles both looked and felt annoyed.

"Dear Lady Bell," exclaimed our hero, "you cannot doubt but the first wish of my heart is to accompany you and Lillias, although the very impropriety are the motives which retain me here you would fain go with."

"But I do not know them," replied her ladyship, tartly.

"You forget, my love," observed the baronet, mildly, "that I do."

"True."

"And approve them."

The marked emphasis upon the word approve, reminded the fair rebel to consigned authority that she was becoming a little—a little—what was unreasonable.

"It is not from a selfish motive that I wish it," she said, after a pause.

"That I am sure of," replied Richard, warmly.

"Dear Lillias, how never attempt to reason with the subject."

Her lover regarded the sorrowing girl greatly fondly.

But after the attempts upon your life," continued her protectress, "one we can neither of us think of without terror, you cannot wonder at my feeling. And now the secret is out. You men are such contented things, that you, Richard, are compelled to explain myself in order to avoid rendering you more vain than nature has made you."

"Do you admit such a thing to be possible?" demanded Sir Charles Forrester, with a good-natured smile, for the explanation had touched the right chord in his heart. In fact, he was not without certain misgivings himself upon the subject of his young friend's safety.

With that tact which distinguishes not only her sex, but the speaker in particular, her ladyship contrived to lead her husband from the drawing-room, so that the lovers might be left together.

And do you think me such a villain?" demanded her lover, touched by the expression of sorrow on her features.

"No, Richard," replied the fair girl, in a tremulous voice; "it is your danger and my own weakness which desire to have you near me, which distress me. You have no enemy in India."

Most men would have smiled at their pair's fatuity, and whether in India or England makes but little difference; was the reply.

"You are wrong—before me, you are wrong. Little as I have seen and can remember of my father's land, I feel that there the danger is comparatively trifling; the passions of mankind are under subjection to the law of reason—here, they rage to all their ferocious."

"Generally is the same everywhere," observed her lover.

Lillias shook her head incredulously.

"It is only its phases that vary," added the speaker.

"I have heard such fearful tales of their vindictive in the East," said the poor girl; "and we have witnessed one such fiend-like attempt. I cannot wonder at my terror. Be careful, Richard," she continued, "for my danger and the safety of all who love you. Should——"

Here her feelings so far overcame her that she was unable to proceed, and burst into a flood of tears.

As most of our readers have loved in their time and not we pity them—it will be quite unnecessary only to remark that the young guardsman's sorrow for her love made use of to calm her sorrow, or the precaution he promised to use to guard against the unnamed danger, which he professed to laugh to scorn; and which, in his heart, he knew to be more than suspects; for there is little doubt but on the dreadful fate of his unfortunate designs upon the fortune of his relatives, Cecil Keene would at once make use of the half-hour to attack the vital reputation and prosperity of the man he so deeply hated.

"Still I do not comprehend," observed the fair girl, after a pause, "the motive of your coming to India."

"That is soon told."

"Or the necessity of your remaining in Calcutta."

"You shall learn both," replied Richard. "Shortly after the discovery that the securities had been abstracted, my relative, at the request of his old correspondent, Mr. Chaloner, sent out a clerk from England, which clerk was selected from his own office, by the recommendation of Cavea Keene."

"I see, I see."

"It was in Calcutta that the securities were cashed."

"And the clerk is?"

"Mr. Sanford."

"But surely your presence must put him on his guard," observed the maiden. "He must feel that you are watching him."

"I am here under the assumed name of Tyrrell; but Sir Charles," added the speaker, boldly "at whom I have related my story, knows my real one and the motives of my appearance, for I could not endure the thought of deception towards one who had been so kind to me on my boundary."

"You are right, Richard—very right" exclaimed the adopted daughter of the baronet, he is the very soul of honor; but tell Mr. Chaloner to your secret at Sidbiddy or per benhaire?"

"I have never intrusted him with it."

"No?" repeated Lillias, with surprise.

"He knows me only as Mr. Tyrrell. I was under that name neither of his correspondents, Mr. Curry, the head of the great house of Curry and Sons in London, sent me out to him."

"How kind!"

"Curry is my grandfather's oldest friend," added the speaker, "and now, Lillias, you know my history. If it has not been revealed to you before, it arose from no want of confidence, but in obedience to the wishes of Sir Charles Forrester, who is the severe also of the motive which chains me here."

"In order to assist to be broken by any such as caprice of mine?" exclaimed the enthusiastic girl, "I do not wish to be broken, and by such an caprice of mine!" exclaimed the enthusiastic girl, "I do not wish to be broken, and by such a motive the reputation of your father. I shall feel your absence," she continued—"and it acutely—the more than the danger you have told me of exists—has not revealed the name of your secret enemy."

"Not even to Sir Charles?" asked the young man.

"The return of a valued friend, who, at my grandfather's request, accompanied me from England."

"Mr. Wharton?"

"The same."

"Singular," said Lillias.

"Why so?"

"I remember seeing him at the government house, and shall never forget the peculiar look he gave me."

"I can explain that."

"Can you?"

"Yes; at the residence of my grandfather, Melrose Abbey, all the world were crazy for a time on Norman Boothroyd—there is a portrait of his only child and heiress, painted by Winterhalter, so like my own face. It is much to be regretted that we should not have been struck by it, seeing that we are related by marriage."

"Flatterer!" said Lillias, with a smile. Then, more seriously, "Richard, you cannot be a son of Boothroyd's" several times, in an under tone.

"Something very like it, I should think," her lover, "seems to have struck you particularly."

"Yes; the name. I feel convinced that I have heard it before, though when or where I do not now recollect; but it will return to my memory as many things have done, when I am not thinking of it."

"You do not think my refusal to accompany you to Delhi on that account?" said he, quickly.

"Unkind!" repeated the maiden; "no. Inhold love you here, Richard, were you capable of being induced to leave province to the very spot where the wishes of a silly girl, like myself, even though I love her, it is much place to be guided by duty, woman's by affection: follow your, and leave to us all—but I am not angry with you now."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

REAR ON.

Courage! for glorious 'tis to know no end,
All earthly greatness pass;
The will of God alone is great for ever.
Walk steadily nothing grieve;
Not one jot faster than he sees it step,
And experience will make thee wise.
Where joy and sorrow shall efface
All memory of pain.

THE LIGHT-SHIP'S LIGHT.

BY GEORGIANA HERBERT.

One would hardly think that life on board a lightship was to be desired, even in pleasant weather, by persons accustomed to every luxury in life of the dweller there; but there are those who are glad to get the chance, and I thought Keeper Jack glad, too, to continue in it year after year.

Such a one was Jack—as he was generally called—Jim Brown, and he and his situation had been quite content with each other for many years. No storms could shiken his stout stomach, and when, a score of years ago, he had been promoted from a sailor's berth to that of keeper, and that of keeping the light-ship, he considered his cup of earthly bliss was full. Since then, he had come possessed of that tiles, he received to get your clothes, and let the girls alone," but now he believed he had secured a calling which would attend to him, and he could, therefore, afford to change his habits respecting the girls. Jim was a handsome fellow—for what sailor was not?—and with him failed to discover beauty in his honest face and in his great, expressive hazel eyes. He was a great deal of sturdy manliness about him, and then he was marvellously good-natured. Any one could see that, and perceive that the owner of such a face and eyes, and such a manliness and such smiles, would be delectable if he had but the chance, which, up to the age of twenty-four, he never had enjoyed—save, as a boy, in his own home child, and by his own force of character could not be kept down; and when that little child grew into a lass he was to her heart and ruin his master.

When it was understood that Jim's sign was out for matrimony, it was perfectly amazing to observe how opportunities seemed to fall to him. But nowhere or other he failed to "improve" them, until, as he was lamenting during the above year's day, a disconsolate cry reached his ear. A young woman, in dress the worse for her struggle to get up, a dog-cart, and her basket of eggs knocked from her head. Her screen of terror and pain was now followed by tears for her basket and its fragile contents.

"Don't cry, my dear," said Jim, you know my history. If it has not been revealed to you before, it arose from no want of confidence, but in obedience to the wishes of Sir Charles Forrester, who is the severe also of the motive which chains me here."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SLEEP SETTLES ON MY DROWSY EYES.

BY H. C. Y.

Sleep settles on my drowsy eyes,
And calls my soul away
From all the fleeting cares and sorrows,
And labors of the day.

My brain is overcharged with thought,
And needs the solitary cell;
Oh! come, sweet Sleep, and make for me
A palace of thy dreams.

Through all this sad and weary day
I've borne a heavy load,
Because from thy dear presence soon
I must or willing or not.

But come and comfort me, beloved,
And whisper in my ear,
As soft I sink in happy sleep,
The words I love to hear!

Whisper, "I love you," till me, sweet,
That passing shall not chill
The fond and gentle tenderness
That all thy heart doth fill.

Oh! sleep on, sleep on, sleep to me,
And close my aching eyes;
Embrace again the resting head
That on thee bosom lies.

And think upon that happy time,
When our long parting ends,
We then shall meet and love again,
Hoping to part no more.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

A SCRAP FROM A PHYSICIAN'S DIARY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

One beautiful spring morning I sat down at my desk to write a letter to my friend Burchard. I informed him that I had surmounted every difficulty, that I had passed my examination with extraordinary success and honor, and that I had received my diploma with flattering words of encomium. But with a deep sense of the responsibility I had taken, or was about to take, upon myself. I furthermore informed him that I wished to enter into practice at once, and—could see no reason why enough to tell me of some place where there was a good opening! After my signature I put an enormous M. D., and then folded the letter, directed it, and dropped it into the post. In a few days I received an answer, in which my friend, after a due amount of flattery and encouragement, informed me that there was an excellent "opening" at Popham. He said he had had an eye on it for some time with special reference to my benefit; he also sent a letter of introduction to one of the most influential men in the place, whom he said would find honorable and trustworthy.

As soon as I could settle up my affairs at college I posted off for Popham, which I found to be a thriving country village, beautifully situated upon a small stream, with plenty of noble mountains around it. There was one physician in the place, but he was an old one, and had left me a very promising little fortune from his practice. I called upon him, and he said he was glad I was coming for he had done about as much work as he cared to. He agreed to recess with a respectable widower lady, laid in a good stock of drugs and medicines, and then sat down to wait for my coming. Of course, full such of my surgical instruments in sight as would be likely to attract attention, and then got out my "shingle."

The first day I spent alone in my office, if I except one or two visits from my landlady, who came to see how I liked my room. On the second day an old lady called in to inquire if I was from "York State." I told her I was, and she then wished to know if I could tell her anything of her son John. Wint was his other name? I asked. "John Wobbleguy." No—I never heard the name before. She answered me that John was in York State somewhere, and she as much as hinted that he was a good-for-nothing scamp, remarking at the same time, that he might "turn up to be a lawyer or a doctor yet."

On the next day a young man called upon me, and from the thickly padded bandage about his face, I judged that he had the toothache. And so it proved. One of his molars "had been jumpin' all night" he said. I brought forth my instruments, and at the sight of them his teeth became suddenly quiet, and he requested not to have it out.

And so four days passed away, and I had not a patient; but on the morning of the fifth day, however, the sky brightened a bit. I had just finished my breakfast, and had sat down to my desk, when my bell was rung, and presently the landlady, who happened to be in the hall, opened my door and introduced the caller. He was a small, pale, nervous looking man, somewhere about fifty years of age; with a keen, brilliant, restless eye, and an intelligent face. He sat down without speaking, and as I met my eyes towards the door I saw my landlady backing to she. I went to her, and she whispered in my ear—

"That's old Guilford—Peter Guilford." And then she went away.

What did she mean? Why did she whisper so mysteriously? I was upon the point of following her, to inquire if there was anything peculiar about my visitor, when he spoke to me.

"You are the doctor?" he said to me.

"Yes," I told him, resuming my seat at the table.

"Are you at leisure?"

"I am," I answered.

"Well," he resumed, in a lower key, and, I thought, with some hesitancy in his voice, "I have a case which I wish you to attend to. If you will come with me you shall be made acquainted with all the circumstances."

"What sort of a case is it? What is the disease?" I asked.

"You must come and see for yourself," he replied. "It is a very curious case, and has baffled them all thus far. You must see it."

"Then it is something very extreme," I suggested.

"Not at all," he said. "On the contrary, it is very simple and plain; but none of them dare to undertake the operation."

"A—a case for surgery?"

"Yes. You are a surgeon?"

I professed to be; and I was; for I had dissected every part of the human frame, and knew all its manifestations, besides having assisted at many critical operations.

My name is Peter Guilford. You may have heard of me," the man said.

I told him I had never heard the name before, to my recollection, only as she fondly introduced him. He said he was glad of that, for I could attend to the case without prejudice.

"If you succeed, or if you will make a fair trial," he added, "you shall be amply rewarded. How came with me?"

I had detected from the first that my visitor was not of a perfectly sound mind, but I could see nothing in his speech or manner that was at all out of the way. It was only in his eye, and about the corners of his mouth that I could discover the signs of mental difficulty. Yet I resolved to go with him. There could be no harm, if there was no good; so I put on my hat and followed him from the house. As we passed along, the street I noticed that people watched him narrowly, and I thought they regarded me with a sort of pitying look. At first this troubled me some, but I soon overcame that, and more particularly, by calling to mind Doctor Wardell many times, but his ignorance is beyond belief. He was no local or organic disease. He was purely sympathetic, so I could tell from the operation of the rest of the vital functions.

Finally I told him I must go home and study upon his case, and that I would call upon him the following day and see him again. He asked me if I had any hope. I told him I had. He seemed overjoyed, and urged me to come, and I took my leave; he said he should be after me if I did not come as I had promised.

I passed out through the garden, and had not gone a dozen rods before I met a light-headed fellow, and a low voiced calling—"Doctor." I stopped, and a little man, all out of breath, came up to me. He was a tailor, and I had often noticed him in the presence of such gentlemen; but his speech quickly reminded me to my senses.

"You are a physician?" he said.

I told her I was.

"And you have had called you to consult with you about his fearful malady?" She was not coy or bashful at all, but earnest, eager, and entreating.

"Yes," I told her.

"And can you help him? Is there any help for him?"

"I can tell better," I answered, "when I know more of his case; and for that very purpose I was going home to study it."

Her eyes sparkled hopefully as I spoke that, and she followed me with me almost to the outer part of the garden. (I felt something about my own heart, for I knew there was a mystery here I questioned her freely, and gained from her all the information I needed. She said her father had been subject to fits of mental aberration at times, but that time he had fallen from a ruddy, corpulent man of intemperate habits, to a pale, spare man. He never drank to excess, and sometimes his mind was clear for days at a time. He had been to her, upon his bended knees, to cut open his breast and take out his heart. She said she did not think he had ever swallowed anything, as he had supposed; yet she knew there was a terrible trouble, for he had never complained of anything in any other part of his body. I asked her if he had ever been subject to nervous fevers. She said he was not—that in everything else he was healthy, and she would. She went like that, he was not helped? She was sure he would. He had been a powerful man once for that purpose, and only her most urgent prayers and entreaties had prevented him.

I left her, and went home. I pondered upon the subject during the rest of the day, and before night my resolution was taken. I would endeavor to make the experiment, hit or miss. Early on the following morning I called at the house of Peter, and a lodger billeted, where I had seen quite a number of the workmen of the village enter, and came upon the ring nearly two hours there, and getting almost disheartened, when I heard a step, and the door opened, and Peter himself appeared. Having viewed this carefully, I went to the nearest blacksmith's, and had a fine, strong, but short and large perfectly drawn and colored. About the heart was coiled a blood vessel, and so naturally was it pictured that it fairly made one's heart palpitate at it.

"There," said he, "is the exact situation of my heart. The snake is coiled around it, and has been so now, however, than he was when I made this drawing, and the gentlemen have assured me that it can be removed. I have studied the anatomy of the human frame with especial reference to my case, and know I know just how it is as well as though my own skin and flesh and bones were all open, and could gaze through them. I have studied with Doctor Wardell many times, but his ignorance is beyond belief. He was no local or organic disease. He was purely sympathetic, so I could tell from the operation of the rest of the vital functions.

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GREATEST OF ALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

Hope never stays to be darkly crossed
Nearly to sorrow afraid;
The quivering bridle of the waters that loose
Their curb[1] leash on the shore.

Faith, when her heart has been thrown by blight,
Or worst shocks of the world,
Goes trembling and timid in the light
Of the still eternal hope.

Truth to Truth: as wave in the progress
Of its righteous flowing,
No law in the homeliest matter that waves
Fits your mortality.

But Love is greatest of all: no less
One shadow on the soul
As glorious hanging on the cross
As kneeling out of the hand.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Theophilus Wiggins was a bachelor, and had been so—from time immemorial, I was going to say—but I will modify it, and say—from the earliest recollection of the oldest inhabitant. He had seen all the daughters, (I think I am safe in adding all the grand-daughters,) of the mothers he had courted, get married and settled. Yet he was a bachelor still; and, if he was to be believed, a bachelor in the very prime of manhood. Thirty, or thirty-five, or somewhere thereabouts, Theophilus Wiggins, Esquire, as he was proud to be addressed—but Toy Wigger, as he was generally spoken of—was no longer the man he had been, though much of the same appearance—a dandy, to be sure, a fish-maker, a perpetual, a performer, and a sailor, having such comfortable, no supply some defficiency of time, accident, or nature. In other words, our ancient friend had a fallen leg, false hair, false breast, false hair, false teeth, false complexion, and one false eye; and if he had not a false heart, it was not his fault; for he had been many times pitied by one who had.

As time wore on, and the task of the maker-up of Mr. Wiggins' person, (his valet de chambre,) increased to an onerous duty, Theophilus began seriously to entertain the notion of marriage; and he reasoned that if he were to marry at all, he might as well set about it in the hey-day of his youth—or rather his manhood—for youth was acknowledged, at least to himself, that he had attained to years of discretion.

Being rich, he did not care particularly about marrying for money; and being handsome, (in his own estimation,) he did not care particularly about marrying for beauty, you would say—and this step? the analogy is not complete; for though Mr. Wiggins had money enough for two, he was by no means satisfied he had beauty enough for one; and therefore the future Mrs. Wiggins must be handsome, though poor; refined, too, the future Mrs. Wiggins must be; and, in company with her husband, youthful; and with youth, beauty, and refinement, Theophilus fancied he could be very well married as single, if not better.

But how was he to choose a wife? He cared about him who an inquiring mind, but found none who exactly came up to his standard; nor could he remember any, now single, though he had a good memory, who had back him sighing, "Oh, that I were single!" or exclaimed, one morning, while his valet was putting him together for the day, "I have it!" and he made known his wishes.

"Have what, sir!—the gout?" asked the maker-up.

"Gout! No, fool!" cried Theophilus, half angrily. "No man has the gout at my time of life."

"Were generally a cuffin," muttered the other, aside.

"No, Stoke—I have an idea—a capital idea!" pursued Theophilus Wiggins, Esquire, rather as a soliloquy than as addressing his man.

"Had on it!" muttered the latter; "the other; "for if it's original it must be a curiosity."

"Eh? did you speak?" said Mr. Wiggins, sententiously.

"I was only remarking that your hips don't sit quite so well as formerly; I think you must have fallen away a little."

"Good gracious! what an idea!" continued the other, in amazement; "as if a man could fall away at seven-and-twenty, unless he had some dire fever. Ridiculous, upon my word! I say, Stoke, let me stand! as I am."

"On one leg, sir?"

"Fool! quit your impertinence, or I'll discharge you."

"Then how would you get taken apart and put together, sir?—for there's a good deal of nice machinery about you, Mr. Wiggins."

"When I say let me stand," said Theophilus, sternly, "I mean let me sit—let me be—leave me as I am—quit—go away!" he added, as if you comprehend anything, stupid, sit down by that table and write as I shall dictate."

"All ready, sir!" said the valet, as he disposed himself according to orders.

Mr. Wiggins—or rather, perhaps, I should say Mr. *Hog*Wiggins, since he was only *half* put together—leaned his bald head upon his left hand, looked solemnly forth from his one eye, placed his remaining rather limb on another—for a wooden one cut his toothless mouth, as if for a regular blow before the grand strike.

"Ahem!" he began, gathering himself for a mighty effort.

"Shall I write that, sir?" queried Stoke.

"No, you dunce! but write what I say now!" and Theophilus Wiggins proceeded to dictate, with interjectional remarks—all of which the writer put down as best suiting. When he had finished the article, it read as follows, the italics only are given in brackets:

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As Stoke handed his master the paper, Mr. Wiggins adjusted his glass to his single eye, glanced over it, and exclaimed:

"Why, you stupid ass, you've written down everything I said."

"Please, sir, thinks what you told me to do," retorted the mischievous valet, demurely.

"Blockhead! wheel the table up here! give me the pen!" and Theophilus, in high dudgeon, proceeded to erase all superfluous matter, and interpolate the article correctly. He then ordered Stokes to make a clean copy; which, when finished, read thus:

"Wanted—A Wife!—A gentleman in the prime of life, of ample means, amiable disposition, handsome person, and possessing a fond and loving heart, is desirous of making the acquaintance of a lady with a view to matrimony. Should one be handsome, must be young, handsome, refined, and good-tempered, and possessing a fond and loving heart, this fair, false teeth, false complexion, and one false eye; and if he had not a false heart, it was not his fault; for he had been many times jilted by one who had.

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